

FUN AND FANCY.

The Songs of Yore.

Alas! the good old songs of yore,
Have gone quite out of date—
Surpassed by "Old Virginia's Shore,"
And the "North Carolina Sate,"
No more are heard the pleasing notes
Of "Coming through the Rye,"
But turn you where you may, you'll hear
"Susanna, don't you cry."

To sing the song of "Home, Sweet Home,"
A girl could not be led;
But ask her for some "favorite tune,"
She'll strike up "Uncle Ned,"
Then finish off with "Buffalo gals,"
Or else with "Dearest Mae,"
Forgotten that she ever knew
Some more heart-breaking lay.

Oh! give me the songs of yore,
That come warm from the heart;
That makes each heart throb with delight,
And bid the passions start.
Sing me the song of "Hours there were,"
I'll crave not what belongs
To the list of nigger—jehawl—I mean
Of fashionable songs.

On the Death of a Frog.

I saw a hawk upon a log,
A ending lizard liver;
And after a while I saw a frog
Jump, chug! into the river.
His tail was short, his ears cut off,
And as to tail he had none;
At every kick he brought a cough—
A Bull-Frog—"twas a big one."
He didn't rise nor move a peg,
No more than if he couldn't,
A Gar came up and caught his leg,
And let him go—he wouldn't.
The poor frog saw the end of time,
And swelled till he looked worse;
And as it serves to make rhyme,
I'll inform you all—he burst!

Es-chewing the Weed.

A correspondent in Watertown, N. Y., sends the following extract from a temperance lecture by Burdick, the eccentric "revelator," lately delivered in the village. We mentioned in a recent anecdote the manner in which the speaker once obtained a quid of tobacco in church; and it seems but fair that we should set forth his subsequent trials in es-chewing the weed: "I was once," said he, "an inveterate lover of tobacco, and I know how difficult it is to break off the habit of using it; still it can be done. I indulged in the use of the weed to a great extent. I loved it, but knowing that its effects were bad, and equally becoming a man of the gospel, I made one attempt to quit it. With that resolution I took a tremendous 'cut,' which was to be my last. I chewed it and chewed it, and 'rolled it' as a sweet morsel under my tongue, and from one cheek to the other, for three weeks. [Pauses to see if tobacco was last gone, then it away: "There Burdick," said I, "there goes your last—your omegs of quids." Well, for a while it was very hard without it, and I was often sorely tempted to try it again. Old tobacco chewers would pull out their rusty steel boxes, give them a scientific snip and say 'Burdick,' have a chew?—and for a long time whenever I heard the click of a tobacco box, I involuntarily put my hand in my trousers to get hold of my pig-tail. In fact I am afraid I sometimes blundered dreadfully in my sermons, my thoughts being more perhaps upon tobacco than upon the Lord. But I stuck to my resolution; and neither cavendish nor 'pig tail' has ever been between my teeth from that day to this!"—*Kick-a-buck*

APPEALING TO THE INWARD NATURE OF CHILDREN.—Writers on education now-a-days, in treating of the government of children, have much to say about "appealing to their inward nature." The doctrine was practically illustrated, in School street, Sunday. A lady finding some difficulty in making a couple of children walk home from church in a becoming manner said to them—"If you behave so, see if you don't have to take some custard oil as soon as you get home. Now, take my word for it, just as sure as you are alive." The children immediately drew up demurely by her side, and moved along as gravely as mutes at a funeral.

The following hit at the water cure was made by Charles Lamb, and no one but himself could have had so quaint a conceit: "It is," said he, "neither new nor wonderful, for it is as old as the deluge, which in my opinion, killed more than it cured."

E. P. Smith, editor of the Belknap [N. H.] Gazette, having been appointed to a clerkship in the State Department at Washington informs his subscribers that he should like to have them pay up. He also advertises a justice's commission for sale, "which has something over a year to run, cost one dollar, and can be had for less than half that sum. Also, three military commissions that made him colonel and will now answer very well for a small captain."

Stealing a Baby.

BY A LOUISIANA SWAMP DOCTOR.

I never was partial to dogs (although I dined some years ago very heartily on the haunch of one, that a rascally Indian sold to the family for venison—the scoundrel's back gave proof not long after, that it, to him at least, was really dear meat); they have always been my aversion, and the antipathy of my earlier years has not been in the least diminished by the part one took—not only out of my leg—but in breaking off as pretty a love-scrape as ever Cupid rejoiced at.

I was attending my last course of lectures, previous to graduation, in a northern state, and as a matter of course had but very little leisure to devote to amusement or love. But nevertheless, even amidst all my occupation, I found time to renew and continue a friendship bordering closely upon love, even then, which I had formed the previous winter, with a young lady residing in the city.

We were both young—alas! that there similarity ceased—she was beautiful—my ugliness was so apparent that I acknowledged it myself. She was wealthy—I had nothing but my profession, it not then secure. She was—but why continue the enumeration of our contrasts? suffice it to say that we were fast approaching the condition when love in a cottage, and thoughts of an annual searching for sentimental and beautiful names occupy so much of the mind, when an internal dog (not only a daddy—but a real caniner) jumped—like a swamp gal into a jar of pickles—into the ring of our felicity, and left me to wait him first, and myself afterwards.

I hated dogs, and the father of my beloved had an equal aversion to Southerners, and according to the degree that class stood in his estimation, the old man and myself disliked the same objects; so his daughter and myself had to meet by stealth.

Twice a week the class of medical students attended clinical lectures at the hospital, which was situated in a retired part of the town; thither the young lady, on the appointed evenings, would repair, and awaiting the departure of the class, we, on our walk homewards, could talk over our love affairs without fear of interruption.

This pleasant arrangement had continued until nearly the close of the session, and we had agreed that when graduated, if her father's obduracy did not soften, we would elope, when some good-natured friend kindly informed her father of our intimacy, and that even as he came then to apprise him, he had met her going to keep her appointment.

Highly incensed, the old man started off to pursue her, but unfortunately did not arrive to prevent, but only witness an occurrence which attracted considerable attention at the time. Anatomy has ever been with me a favorite branch of my profession; and when a student, I never let slip an opportunity, time and material permitting to improve myself in it by dissection. It was a passion with me; and whenever I met with a person extremely emaciated or finely developed, my anatomical eye would scan their proportions, and instead of paying them the usual courtesies of life, I would be thinking what glorious subjects they would be for museum preparations or dissection; and even when my audacious lips were stealing a kiss from the pulpy mouth of my lady-love, instead of floating into ecstasies of delight, my anatomical mind would wonder whether, even in death, electricity, by some peculiar adaptation, might not be able to continue their bewitching suction. When holding her soft hand in mine, and gazing into the starlit ocean of her soul, I would wonder if there was not some peculiarity in the formation of the optic nerve which gave her eyes such brilliancy. My poetical rhapsodies were mingled with scraps of anatomy, and in attempting to write her some verses, after writing the first line,

"The clouds which clothed yon beauteous shore with garments dark and hazy"—to save me, the nearest approximation I could make to a rhyme, was:—
"Pray use with me not the 'teratol labii superioris' plague nazi."

To tell the truth, I was becoming clean daft upon the subject, and consumptive people and orphan children began to look on me with suspicion, but Lucy attributed my conduct to the eccentricities of genius and love.

Connected with the hospital the class attended was a dead-house, as is usual in such establishments, where such patients whose constitutions are not strong enough to stand the treatment, are deposited after death for forty-eight hours, in order that their friends may reclaim their bodies. The morgue, in this institution, was directly under the lecture room, but as the door was kept locked, it was regarded as sufficiently private.

On the day when my intended father-in-law was made acquainted with the clandestine meetings of his daughter and myself, I had, as usual, accompanied the class to the hospital, and during the delivering of the lecture, becoming suddenly very faint, I was forced to leave the crowded room and seek the fresh air.

As I passed the door of the dead-house on my return, I noticed that it was ajar, and curiosity prompting me to see what was within, I pushed it open and entered, closing it behind me. There were several bodies, male and female, cleanly arrayed upon the table; but the object that attracted my attention the most was an infant a few weeks old lying by the side of its dead mother; they were both so black in the face that I would have suspected foul play, had it not been accounted for by the fact that they were negroes. I strove to depart, but something formed a bond of association between that dead nigger baby and myself, which held me to my place, my gaze riveted upon it.

I wanted just such a subject—one I could carry up in my private room and dissect whilst I was waiting for my meals—something to wile away my tedious hours with—but how to get it was the thing; the rules of the college and hospital were imperative, and I did not wish to be expelled. I could not beg, borrow, or buy—there was but one way left, and that was stealing.

The plan was simple and easily arranged. It was very cold weather, and under the ample folds of my cloak the baby would be concealed effectually.

Separating it from its dead mother's embrace, I rolled it, tenderly as if alive, into a small space as possible, and tying it up in my handkerchief, I placed it under my cloak, and left the dead house.

Had I left immediately for home, on the baby's absence being discovered I would have been suspected immediately; so, great as was the danger, I had no other recourse than to return to the lecture room, and await our regular dismissal, running the chances of detection. No one, on looking at me then, would have accused me of feigning sickness; for, manfully as I strove to be composed, the danger of discovery unnerved me completely, and gave me such a tremor as would have passed for a creditable ague.

I have been often enough in imminent danger of my life, to know what cold sweat and minutes appearing hours are; but the longest life, in the shortest space of time I ever led, was when, in the midst of four hundred students, I sat on those hard old benches, with the dead nigger baby under my cloak, waiting for the lecture to conclude.

It had its end at last, and waiting till the class had pretty well dispersed, I sauntered slowly away towards my boarding-house, hoping that the inclemency of the weather had kept Lucy from keeping our usual appointment.

A sleety rain had fallen the preceding night, and, like Mrs. Blenrhassett's tears, freezing as it fell, had covered the pavement with a thin coat of ice, making the walking for pedestrians very insecure.

Surely, I thought, as a keen guest came round the corner piercing my narrow way with its coldness, her tender frame will not be exposed, on such a day as this! 'tis a good thing, too; for she would be horrified if she found what my burden was;—when her smiling face, with her beautiful nose red as an inflamed eye, appeared, and told me I did not possess a proper appreciation of the strength of a Kentucky gal's affection.

Somewhat vexed, and, for the first time in my life, sorry to see her, I wished her (as it was so cold) in the hottest place I knew of; but dissembling my feelings, I vowed, when she came up, that if I had received the appointment of surgeon-general to the angels, it would not give me more pleasure than to see her then, I appeared as unconcerned as I could, and sedulously talked to her of such things as are very interesting to lovers and old maids, but deuced tiresome to all other parties concerned.

We had nearly reached the street corner where we usually parted, when, horror of horrors! who should we see coming round the identical corner but the lady's father, accompanied by a man that bore a marvellous resemblance to the city marshal!

Instead of fainting, Lucy uttered a stifled shriek, and gritting her teeth dragged me into a house, the door of which stood invitingly open; one step more, and if Fate had not been against me, these pages would never have been written, that baby would have been anatomized, and in all probability, instead of being an old rusty swamp doctor, caring a cuss for nobody, nobody caring for me, I would have been the happy head of a family, and, rolling in my carriage, describe the great operation of extracting two jaw-teeth, I saw performed the last time I was in Paris. But the beautiful bath departed, and never was.

A growl, a loud yell, bow! wow! wow! and with mouth distended like an alligator catching his dessert of flies, a huge bull-dog sprang at us, placing us in rather a dilemma; was the dog of a daddy on one hand, and the daddy of a dog on the other.

Unlike Miss Ullin, who preferred meeting the raging of the skies to an angry father, embarked in a skiff and got drowned, I preferred an angry father to a mad bull-dog; so seizing Lucy, I made a spring backwards, forgetting in my haste the slippery pavement; our feet flew up, and down we came in the open street, cross and pile, our inferior extremities considerably intermingled, and her ankles not as well protected from the cold as they might have been.

My cloak flew open as I fell, and the force of the fall bursting it, exposed the folds of my handkerchief, which, rolled the internal imp of darkness upon the gaze of the laughing, but now horrified spectators.

The old man had witnessed the whole scene; springing to my feet, I assisted the lady to rise, and handed her over to her father. As he disappeared with her round the corner, I volunteered to whip the crowd, individually or collectively, but nobody seemed disposed to accept of my services. Picking up my baby, I explained the whole to a constable who was on the point of arresting me for child-murder.

I sent the subject back to the dead-room, and came as near being expelled from a college as ever a lover of knowledge did, to miss it. I have never seen Lucy since, and my haggard features and buttonless coat testify that the swamp doctor is still a bachelor.

Living.—There was a famous problem among the stoics, which ran to this purpose: "When a man says 'I lie,' does he or does he not? If he lies, he speaks the truth; if he speaks the truth, he lies." Many were the books written upon this wonderful problem; Chrysippus favored the world with no fewer than six; Philo studied himself to death in his vain efforts to solve it.

Short of Bible.—A reverend gentleman, while visiting a parishioner, had occasion, in the course of conversation, to refer to the Bible, and on asking for the article, the master of the house ran to get it, and came back with the leaves of the book in his hand. "I declare," says he, "this is all we've got in the house—I had no idea we were so near out!"

QUESTIONABLE BENEVOLENCE.—During a late war, a Quaker was on board an American ship engaged in close combat with an enemy's. He preserved his peace principles calmly until he saw a stout British climbing up the vessel by a rope which hung overboard. Seizing a hatchet, the Quaker looked over the side of the ship, and remarked, "Friend, if those wants that piece of rope, they may have it;" when, sitting the deed to the word, he cut off the rope, and down went the poor fellow to his long watery home.

A SINGULAR FACT.—A young lady was recently married in this city who wore a pair of magnificent garters, which were knit by an English nobleman. They were originally sent from Europe as a curiosity, and by the young lady's mother presented to her on her wedding day! *Very Singular!—Gin. Con.*

The Wife.—It is astonishing to see how well a man can live on a small income, who has a handy and industrious wife. Some men live and make a far better appearance on six or eight dollars than others do on double the amount.—The man does his part well, but his wife is good for nothing. She will upbraid her husband for not living in as good style as her neighbor, while the fault is entirely her own. His neighbor has a neat, capable and industrious wife, and that makes the difference.

The Boston Post says it "lightened like thunder and rattled like lightning" there, the other night.

"Why will ye Die?"

Yes, "why will ye die," sick sinners! Are you reminded of the fact, there is a "sovereign remedy" for every disease—shortness of breath included? Perhaps you don't read the testimonials of the thousands "rescued from the jaws of death." If you don't—do! In the meantime here are a few of these documents, which may be as implicitly relied on, as any ever published:

Porkopolis, Feb. 1, 1845.
Dr. Moffat—Sir: I have tried your famous bitters, and my digestive faculties is much improved. Formerly I could not eat more than one pound of meat in my dinner; I now eat one and a half, and don't cut off the fat.
Yours, gratefully,
GABRIEL GEORGE.

P. S.—Though my appetite is better I'm troubled with dyspepsia. Shall I take double doses of your invaluable panacea?
Cavendish, Md., Jan. 19, 1845.
Doctor Sherman—Sir: I have used your worm lozenges with great success, for worming tobacco. One lot clears a ten acre field, in twenty-four hours. Send me a gross.
Your most obedient servant,
SILVESTER WEBB.

N. B.—A friend of mine, who was badly wounded with shingles, in a street fight, the other day, experienced instant relief, from the use of your lozenges.

Washington, Brown's Hotel, March 5.
Dr. Brimbreth—Dear Doctor: Yesterday I thought my end nigh, and expected every moment to breathe my last, in consequence of having swallowed thirty-six Colicors. You recollect the agony of the man in the "diary of a physician" who only thought he had swallowed one. Of course my stomach was in a horrible state. I had intended to go to Baltimore by Railroad, but was detained by obstructions in the alimentary canal. My colleague, the Hon. Bankum Spout, recommended your pills. I took sixteen dozen according to direction, and found almost simultaneous relief.

Yours,
CLEMENT STUBBS.
P. S.—The colicors were cherry colicors. P. S. 2d. Send me fifty boxes of your pills as I hear that those who have once used the articles, find them so indispensable, that they can never leave 'em off. I enclose a frank for the lot.
P. S. 3d. The White House is troubled with worms of the worst kind, which, to use Mr. Polk's words, create quite an "intestinal commotion." The president is anxious to produce an evacuation of the premises. I have recommended your pills.
Cincinnati, Dec. 31, 1844.

Doctor Dalley—Sir: Your preparation has saved the life of my child, (an infant of six months), and I will teach her to tie the name of her benefactor. Oh! sir! how shall I find words to express my gratitude! If you are a father you can understand my feelings. We were slaughtering and scalding hogs. The trough was filled with boiling water! The nurse to amuse the innocent babe had brought it down to see the animals killed and hear their squeal. Her foot slipped, and she precipitated my cherub into the trough. The babe remained five minutes in the boiling fluid, before it was rescued, and it was quite raw and perfectly insensible, when taken out. Its toenails were left floating on the surface of the water! Having a bottle of your invaluable "Pain Extractor" in the house, I applied it to the body of the skinless sufferer, and rubbed it in. In fifteen minutes the child was as well as ever—a new article had formed on her body, and her toes nails had begun to bud.

You are at liberty to publish this statement which has been verified by affidavit.

Respectfully,
The above was sworn to before me this 31st day of December, 1844.
HIRAM COOK, J. P.

Witness—Maj. Longbow, and seventeen others.

Catarrh—Mm., Nov. 3, 1844.
Messrs. Pease & Sons—My youngest child, an infant at the breast, was lately attacked with whooping-cough. In compliance with your directions, under head of "coughs and sealings," my wife cut a pound of the candy every day, and in a few days the coughing ceased. The candy is now nursing frequently. The candy is now nursing frequently. This speaks volumes, indeed I may say libraries.

Yours,
JAMES HESK, D. D.
Our Graffenburg [P.O.] friends sends us a testimonial, dated "At Sea, latitude several, longitude six," in giving an account of the cure, by the use of the "pill" of his doctor Jammer, who by reason of her malady had become a newsman round the house to her friends, and very obnoxious to her payments. One box gave her such an appetite that extra bread and potatoes for her consumption were at once demanded; a remarkable instance of Providence as revealed in the "pill." A sister, who had been "bald" with eyes from earliest infancy, was cured by the "Green-mountain Intemperance" in the same manner. Her mother made some spiritual and what her sister, but they didn't begin to hurt her. She was at a late conference, had the Galvanic Battery put to her, which instantly didn't do good; but a single application of the "Intemperance" took from the lid of the box and put on to the lid of the sister's cured her to cure.

Of 150 pretty women met by a gentleman in Boston, in one day, 100 were sucking their parrot handles.

CHERRY.—A son Mr. Hodge will leave very early in the season for the Eastern Cities, to purchase a heavy Stock of Goods, we will sell our present Stock of Dry Goods at reduced prices, for Cash or to punctual dealers on time.
JOHN J. HODGE & CO.
Dec. 17, 1850.

HATTING.—JAMES SMITH is now making and will continue to make—At A. B. SHERMAN'S Old Stand, on the street leading out by the Methodist Church—a superior lot of Wool and Fur Hats, which he will sell low for cash, or exchange for good wool or fur. Give me a call at H. S. S. S.
Dec. 17, 1850—3m.

NOTICE.—All those indebted to the firm of Truckers & Higgins will please come forward and settle—G. W. Higgins will wait on them. He can be found at their Old Stand, at any time during the day between the hours of 10 and 3 o'clock.
Dec. 17, 1850—2c.

SOLD OUT.

I HAVE SOLD MY Stock of Goods to JOHN J. HODGE & CO., in the shortest possible time. All those indebted to me will confer a favor, and perhaps save Cost, by paying on the first day of January next—I must have money.
B. SHAPARD.
Dec. 17, 1850.

New Firm.—We have purchased B. SHAPARD'S stock of Merchandise, and will continue business at the Old Stand, North-East Corner of the Square where we will be pleased to wait upon any person wishing to look at or purchase Goods. Call and try us.
JOHN J. HODGE & CO.
Dec. 17, 1850.

Dissolution.—The Firm of SCOTT & THOMSON, in the CABINET BUSINESS, is dissolved by mutual consent. The business of said Firm will be conducted up by JESSE SCOTT.
Dec. 17, 1850.

NOW FOR 1851: GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, THE RECOGNIZED ORGAN OF AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

W. H. C. Bryant, Miss Cooper, H. W. Longfellow, Grace Greenwood, G. P. R. James, Miss L. V. Smith, A. F. Carey, N. P. Willis, Miss Anna Duval, Geo. P. Morris, Mrs. E. J. Fames, Geo. D. Prentice, Mary S. Pease, Henry W. Herbert, R. H. Stoddard, J. Bayard Taylor, D. H. Easton, E. P. Whipple, C. J. Eastman, Alfred B. Street, T. Wyatt, A. M., J. M. Leary, J. P. Brannan, T. Buchanan Read, J. Hunt, Jr., Rich'd Penn Smith, N. L. Ruter, THE NOVEL OF JAMES.

We have got a little out of our track this month, and paid an English author, G. P. R. James, \$20 for his story, for we do not see that we have any more right to appropriate a man's brain work, than to put on his coat and hat, and march off as if the broad cloth and felt were our own property. We have paid all the contributors to this number their own price, and that right, and we are now the simple but pregnant question, "What shall we put to the American press and American people, are?" Shall we have an American literature? It is as profitable to scissors as to books.

We think that we—one of the lovers of wood and drawers of water, in the field of labor occupied by American magazines, have a right to ask these questions and we ask them. Brothers of the hardy west, the sunny South, and the far east—what say you? SLENDID ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS. THE SOURCE OF PROSPERITY.—A magnificent line engraving by W. E. Tucker, from an original drawing by John Gilmer, of London.

UNION PARK, N. Y., a most splendidly executed landscape engraving by Scudell of Union Park, with a view of Spangler Institute. Unequaled in artistic beauty by any engraving in any other magazine of the month.

EVENING IN PERSIA.—From an original drawing by Deveraux, done in oil colors. A new and costly style of illustration. PARIS FASHIONS.—One of David's beautiful and spirited designs, colored by the artists of Montieur de la Mode, in advance of "Fashionable."

THE ALAMO.—Drawn by Captain Eastman, engraved by Brightly. CHAPEL OF ST. JOSE.—Drawn by Capt. Eastman, engraved by Brightly. CANVAS BACK SHOOTING.—Design by Heffner, engraved by Brightly.

MUSIC—TIS GLORY THAT LEADS THE SOLDIER ON.—Words by N. L. Verrier Rier. Music by George Felix Benken. The embellishments are of the very highest class of art, in this country and Europe, the cost being concentrated upon four instances of art—instead of being dissipated upon a dozen different pictures.

PROPHETIC.—The following announcement in our Prospectus was PROPHETIC. THE JANUARY NUMBER will contain some of the most exquisite productions of artistic skill, and the series then begun will be continued through the year.

Our artists in London, Paris, Italy and the United States, to whom WE PAY CASH for the best and "rehest promise us that GRAHAM SHALL NOT BE BEATEN, however others may boast.

In the department of Fashion we shall excel all that has ever been attempted, either in the United States or Paris. THE ARTISTS OF MONTEUR DE LA MODE engage to furnish us with the most splendid drawings—December and January numbers will contain specimens. In a word, wait for the January number—then compare with others and decide—it will eclipse all others, or we shall submit that we have not learned how a magazine of the most brilliant description can be produced.

THE TERMS FOR THE NEW YEAR.—The following are the terms for 1851, from which we cannot waver in a single instance, without abandoning, utterly, all hope of the high excellence which we promise ourselves that "Graham" shall attain to.

MONEY, as our friends must have felt, is secondary with us to the reputation of being the owner and editor of the best Magazine on this continent; this, unless health, reason, or "seed time and harvest" fail us, we shall make this work.

TERMS, SINGLE COPIES \$3. PRICE OF CLUBS FOR 1851. Two copies, \$5; Five copies, \$10; and ten copies for \$20; and an extra copy to the person sending the club of ten subscribers. These terms will not be departed from. THE PUBLISHER, STARKES, HIS REPUTATION on the association that this number of GRAHAM, in high excellence, has never been challenged in America or Europe, and CHALLENGES HIS COMPETITORS TO EQUAL IT.
GEORGE R. GRAHAM,
No 134 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

Positively the very Last NOTICE.

The Firm of FULGHAM & CATCHERMAN having long since been dissolved, it is hoped that all who owe that Firm will call at James Fulgham's Store, Fayetteville, and pay up without subjecting themselves to cost. The business of the firm must be closed.
FELGHAM & CATCHERMAN.
Dec. 17, 1850.

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE, For 1851.

THE FIRST INSTALLMENT PAID. WITH THE JANUARY Number of SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE, now ready for mail subscription and distant Agents, the public are in possession of the first installment of the promises made by Sartain in his Prospectus for 1851. These promises have been fulfilled to the letter. The four leading Engravings are truly TRIUMPHS OF ART! THE ILLUSTRATED FRONTISPIECE, designed and executed in Chromo-Lithography, in seven different colors, by the celebrated house of DONDORFF, of Frankfurt, Germany, is emblematic of Four Seasons. For appropriateness of design, richness of coloring, and exquisite grace in the grouping, it has elicited unbounded encomiums from all who have seen it.

THE ENGRAVED TITLE-PAGE, a Line Engraving of the finest quality, designed and executed by two of the most eminent artists of London, illustrates with equal truth and beauty, that happy combination of Art and Literature, which is ever to be found in the pages of SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

PREPARING MOSES FOR THE FAIR EXHIBITS, if possible, either of the preceding. It unites the minute finish of the Line and Stipple process, with the softness and the strong lights of Mezzotint.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD, is one of those glorious Mezzotints, for which MR. SARTAIN has made himself so justly celebrated.

Besides these four leading Engravings, each so unlike the other, the January Number contains the first seven of that extraordinary series of ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST, executed in London by the superintendence of CHARLES HEATH.

THE OFFERING OF THE MAGI, THE PREACHING OF JOHN THE BAPTIST, THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT, THE HEALING OF THE LEPER, CHRIST SENDING OUT THE APOSTLES, CHRIST CURING ONE SICK OF THE PALSY, CHRIST HEALING THE DEMON-AC.

It contains also the first series of PICTORIAL ENIGMAS, with original designs by MR. SARTAIN, and the first of a still more remarkable and beautiful series of designs by HARVEY, written in number, one for each month, illustrating the LIFE OF MAN AND OF THE YEAR.

Besides these we may mention a STRIKING LIKENESS OF GOVERNOR BRIGGS, REMBRANT PAINTING HIS MOTHER'S PORTRAIT, THE BLIND STREET, THE MANTUA MAKERS, AMY'S RETURN, THE BEAM, TWO FATHERS UNDER ONE HOOD, THE HUNTER'S SONG, MILTON'S HOUSE, THE LATEST FASHIONS—Six different Styles.

SONG.—The LITERARY CONTENTS are in keeping with the high artistic character of the Magazine. The distinguished Swedish author, FREDRIKA BREMER, has given in this number the first of an entirely new series of Tales of a character different from anything she has heretofore published. She has through life been in the habit of collecting and recording remarkable instances of love in real life. These she has now commenced writing out expressly for SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE, under the title of "NORTHERN LOVES AND LEGENDS."

THE JANUARY No. contains also an original and highly beautiful ballad, by MARY HOWIT, a powerful Tale of Domestic Life by Mrs. KIRKLAND, and a story worthy of De la Motte, by Mrs. C. E. Embury, in a story of boarding-house life, while "Amy," by Mrs. BUTLER, depicts with great power and truthfulness the sufferings and wrongs of seamstresses in our large cities. "West Point" is "hit off" by our new contributor, AMY LOTHROP, in a story worthy of Wilkes. Mrs. KIRKLAND, and the sketch of GOVERNOR BRIGGS, of Massachusetts, will warm the heart of every true American patriot.

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But the time would fail us to tell the many good things now offered, and the many in store, for the readers of SARTAIN; suffice it to say, that all who want in their families a work, whose appearance and embellishment shall diffuse on every side a higher taste for art, and whose pages shall contain a higher style of literature than that afforded by any other American periodical, should without delay send in their names and their subscription to the publisher.

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